

SPEND SOME FREE TIME WITH ME AND MY FRIENDS.

HIGH SOCIETY

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magazine





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I've always had what one would call a "very healthy chest." I really bloomed my last year in high school and all the boys went absolutely crazy. At first I was embarrassed, but then they became play toys, then they became bread winners. Either way, I have them now and they are my two biggest and breastest friends.



































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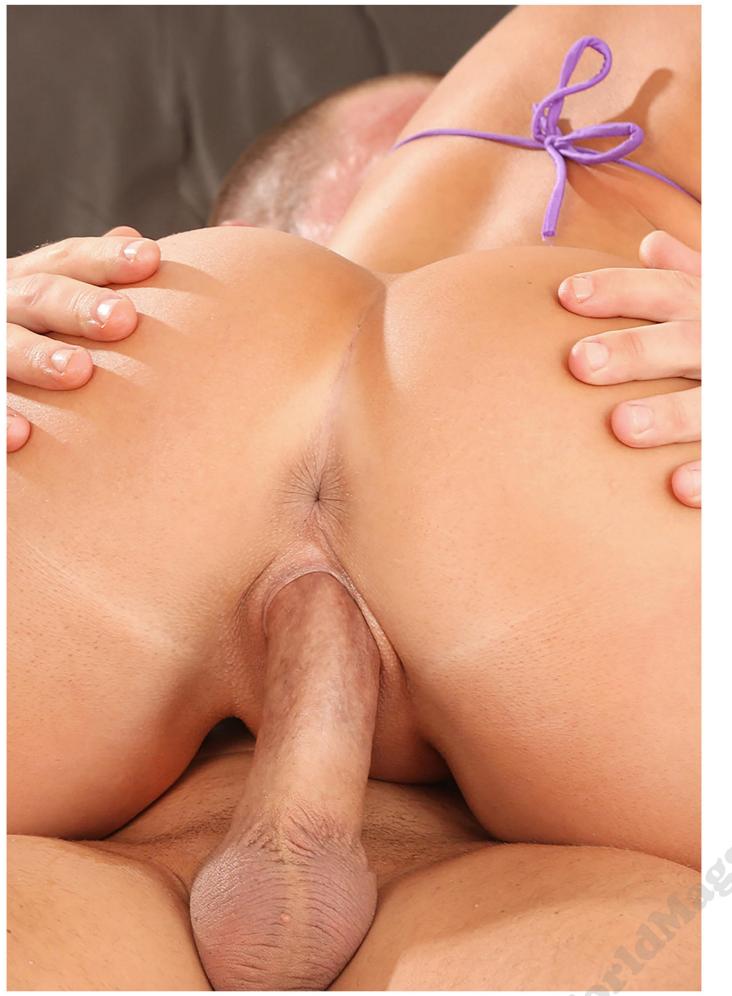
It's my turn in front of the camera today and I'm ready to rock it. I shaved care-fully down there and brushed my teeth three times. OK, I was nervous. But when we started filming and having sex, it all left my mind and I focused on his cock, which was very nice and stayed hard all day long!







































Finishing the third chapter, she laid the book down on a colorful beach blanket and added sunblock to her bronzing body. She then drew deeply from the straw that extended from an insulated mug. After glancing up and down the beach, she paused to look across the wave tops before picking the novel back up.

He seemed to appear from nowhere, having strolled down the beach with the rising sun at his back. His broad shoulders blocked out the sun, but could not diminish the brilliant aura that burned around him. Walking straight to her, he offered a hand and lifted her to her feet. At well over six feet tall, his tawny frame towered above the others that frolicked on the beach and in the water. His chest and arms might have been carved from a massive oak tree, unyielding by nature yet supple when so directed. A constant tropical sun had bleached the unruly mass of golden curls that framed his silverblue eyes. His devastating smile was fashioned from lips that were almost too full.

He held her close, luxuriating in the moment before pulling back just a bit. They gazed upon one another, half smiles set beneath smoldering eyes. He looked to her strawberry lips and then back into her eyes, peering to the very depths of her soul. His lips sought hers and together they melded, tongues jousting in a passionate duel. Her hair spilled between fingers on one hand, while his other smoothed the small of her back on its journey lower. His fingers spread to fondle her bot-

tom, confidently pulling her to him. She could feel his excitement as their hips met. Knowing that they would not contain their desire, they broke the embrace long enough to gather her blanket and cooler. Two quick skips, and the trotted off hand in hand.

Not far from this white sandy beach, she knew of a hidden cove into which few, if any would think to explore. They hurried on a few minutes further, leaving all traces of civilization behind. The sun was climbing to its mid-day peak as gulls and waterfowl soared overhead. Waves crashed onto the shore, releasing their salts to season the warm island breeze. Nature ruled this moment, flooding them with the beast of her touch, her sights, sounds and her desires.

Upon reaching the secluded cove, they embraced once more. Hidden by towering rock formations, only the sounds of the pounding surf and the wild birds of the rain forest could reach them as they inhabited their own private island within the island. Fighting the urge to speed ahead and ravage each other with lust, the lovers drank slowly form each other's passion. A lone cloud spied from the clear blue sky as they twisted down to the blanket that they had spread upon the warm sand.

Their meager beach attire nearly shed itself as the lovers rolled together in the shade of the largest boulders. Urging her to her back, he began trailing kisses down her neck. Then kneeling above her, he fondled her breasts, ignoring her nipples as they grew with ex-

citement. He continued to plant the butterfly kisses. Here, and there, and then upon her breast. Circling her breasts with warm kisses, he teased her. In responses, she involuntarily arched her back, hoping to bring him closer. And then as if answering her plea, he accepted the nipple, gently massaging with only his lips. Moving across, he acknowledged her other nipple while his roving hands rediscovered the curves of her body.

Taking the budding breast now into his mouth, he bathed it with his tongue. Light taps and swipes upon her nipple. He suckled first one breast and then the other, before tugging lightly with his teeth. She made no attempt to hold him back when the sprinkling of kisses began to move lower. He kissed the tender skin just under her breasts, and then reverently, he followed his lips further down her body.

From a kneeling position between her thighs, he slid himself down to lie upon his stomach. He wanted to be comfortable for what was to come. His arms wrapped under her thighs and reached to caress her breasts. He began to drag first one lip, and then the other across her warming folds. Bumping and brushing as gently as he thoughts, he tenderly worked to the moist center of her desire. Scarcely drawing across her with just the tip of his tongue, he then curled it and brought it nearer to her clitoris, touching it not. He repeated the motion over and over. Probing a bit deeper each time, it would then curl up and glide back on target, barely missing on opposite sides with each successive pass. His teasing was delightful torture.

Reaching one hand to the back of his head, she guided him closer and thrust her hips up to great him. And then at long last, he brushed the swollen nubbin head on, jolting her with pleasure. His hand wandered lower, only to gently pull back on her flesh, further revealing her to him. His tongue danced in rhythm with her passion, delicately tracing and gently tapping her, before warmly embracing the engorged bundle of nerves. One hand worked to support and fondle here bottom now, as she continued to lift herself to him.

He moved so that he could tease her with first one, and then two fingers in concert with the warmth of his oral stimulations. He went on to trace the folds and recesses of her sex. He held his two fingers firm so that

she could choose to accept more as he slowly entered her. Once she accommodated herself to the fullness, she began a slow grinding motion. Her hips would then rock up and relax back down. Again and again she repeated the cycle, rejoicing in the delirium that increasingly held her in bondage. Unable to restrain her jubilation, she brought her hands to her breasts, lightly pinching and tugging at her aroused nipples.

Slowly, her hips rolled in time with the crashing waves, thrusting ever steady and sure. She bit the corner of her lower

lip and utterly surrendered to the sensations that threatened to overwhelm her. The first time that they had made love; she had promised to take control when next they met. And now once again, though she felt the heat growing from within her inner being, she nearly cursed herself for being unable to set aside the pleasure and to take command of the moment. But this time, oh yes! This time she would allow him to have his way.

Feigning indifference, he blew lightly across her before taking a third finger into his mouth to moisten it. With the three fingers bundled together as one, he offered them to her. Dragging his flattened tongue back across her, he began to satisfy her cravings. Arching her back in greedy acceptance, she brimmed with ecstasy



could, he teased her. Several minutes passed with only the slow delicate brushing of his own lips upon those of her sex. Abandoning all pretense of maintaining control, she planted her feet on his shoulders and offered herself freely. He rewarded her with the first probing of his tongue as she blushed into full bloom. He grazed lightly one time across the essence of her sex ushering the warmest of tingling sensations. He continued, now intoxicated by her scent.

With his left hand, he fondled her breast while his right hand slowly worked its way down her tummy to rest upon her mound, his thumb scribing soft circles. She raised hips in response, wishing to make contact where she so desperately needed it. Sharing her as he suckled her. They became deaf and blind to the world as his tongue continued its dance for her, blending firm with a wisp, and adding every varying tough in-between. He sought merely to provide as much pleasure as her mind and body could endure. She could see sporadic flashes of light as the unbridled tide raced toward her. Having been set in motion, there would be no turning it back.

nerve of her body. Imploding then, to converge at a single point before seething out, causing her knees to tremble as she continued to desperately ride his shoulders. Her breathing quickened, and a wonderful lightheadedness overtook her. Sensing her imminent orgasm, he began to ease his fingers from her, ever so slowly. His tongue however, was unrelenting as he continued to circle, nudge and bump across her, unable to give or receive enough. Her hips began bucking involuntarily as the glorious wave reverberated back to engulf her. Pulling him closer with both hands to meet her thrusting hips, her sex grasped at him as he paid loving homage. He inhaled her inflamed button, taking it into his mouth. Caressing with just the tip of his tongue, he bathed every recess and bumped each receptor that sought pleasure.

Even as the first orgasm carried her away and attempted to ebb, a second more powerful tremor was

ard her. Having been set in motion, there would be turning it back.

The sensation seemed to draw from each and every erve of her body. Imploding then, to converge at a ngle point before seething out, causing her knees to emble as she continued to desperately ride his shoulers. Her breathing quickened, and a wonderful light-radedness overtook her. Sensing her imminent oresm, he began to ease his fingers from her, ever so owly. His tongue however, was unrelenting as he continued to circle, nudge and bump across her, unable to

Are you up to it?"

Setting the novel aside, she wiped the perspiration from her face and quenched her thirst again. The tropical sun and her imagination had warmed her beyond what she had thought possible. A quick glance up and down the beach, and she tossed her sunglasses into a wide-brimmed straw hat. A mild breeze lifted her curly brown hair as she walked into the surf. She waded out until the sea was waist deep. The sun turned the ocean

you love me. But sometimes a girl needs to be fucked.

pace with the waves of pleasure. He continued to knead

her flesh, as his tongue painted her with the lightest possible brush; five, six, then seven times. Nearly releasing

her, his pursed lips issued a brisk cool breeze upon her.

His breath warmed and spread, settling with a torrid

kiss upon her. She arched her back and thrust her hips

spray to glittering rainbows when she brought her hands together and dove through the next incoming wave. Just below the surface, she cut through the water until breathless. Standing then, her lungs filled themselves with the fragrant island breeze.

She rocked forward as the troughs tickled her midriff, until the next wave pushed her back onto her heels. After wiping her hair back and out of her eyes, her hands drifted over her breasts and continued, absentmindedly following the curves of her body. "Would she ever

find a man worth keeping?" her thoughts blurred toward the shimmering horizon. "Wasted efforts" came the involuntary reply after the next wave splashed her back to the present. Casting these thoughts aside, she turned to face the tiki huts scattered in front of the hotel. It was time to bet back and start packing. "Why can't a week at work pass this fast?" she asked a passing bird which snubbed her of a reply. Pushing off with the waves behind her, Angie allowed the sea to embrace her and carry her back to shore.

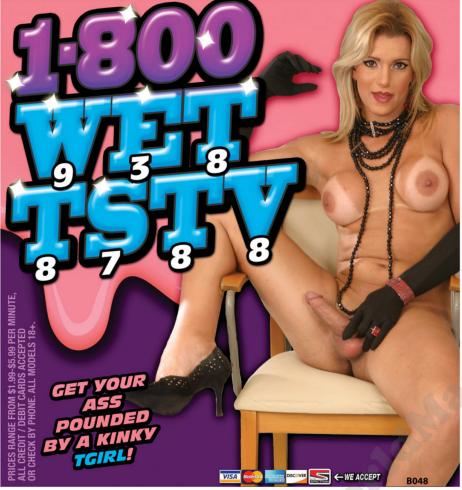


building to crash upon her. Eyes screwed shut to the blinding sun, she urged him on. Unintelligible sounds echoed off the rocks as both lovers expressed their appreciation to the other. With his elbows planted in the sand, powerful hands cupped her rounded cheeks. He drew her closer to the lips that sought only to please her more, if that was indeed possible.

The second orgasm carried remnants of the first, simultaneously flowing over and thru her body. To breathe seemed impossible as her heart raced to keep





























































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I play a lot of tennis. It's a good way to relieve many of my sexual frustrations. Holding the raquet is like holding a big firm cock. And hitting those yellow balls. Let me tell you about playing with balls. I admit I have a high sex drive. I told my coach that and he suggested a way to take care of that right there on the court. He brought over the club pro, and what a pro he was. He shut the court down for a couple hours. Then we all played a match and I won.































you'll need a tow

I was headed up the coastal highway past Big Sur towards Carmel to meet up with some friends for a nice relaxing weekend in the cabin we had rented. I rushed out of the office early on Friday to get there before sundown. Now I'm two hours into the trip and get a flat tire just

past the Bixby Creek Bridge. I don't know if I ran over anything or it just lost all it's air. Nonetheless, I use my cell to get local information to get the phone number of a local mechanic who can come out to help me. I get through to a gas station and sweet talk a young guy to come out and help me. It turns out I was only ten miles from the station, so he was there in a little less than a half hour.

I didn't have time to change before leaving the office so I'm dressed in my business suit with a deep purple jacket and white button-front blouse. I tell the mechanic that I'm on the side of the road waiting in a dark red late model coupe. He pulls up in his big tow truck with all the loose parts rattling down the road. He jumps down and walks over to me, checking out the flat on the curb side of the road.

Greeting him, I explain I didn't know what happened but I was in a hurry to get to the cabin. He smiled and said he'd get me back on the road in

go get your own break down

a jiffy. I got out of the car and stood at the other end from the flat. As I watched him bending and toiling over my car, his powerful arms at work, I just couldn't resist walking over to him and bending over, I tell him that he does that so well. When he looks up the first thing he sees is

a great view of my impressive cleavage, made even more prominent by the way I was leaning slightly forward, and my arms pushing my boobs together. I noticed that he was trying not to look, but he couldn't help himself.

I watch as he pumps air into the tire without success. Then he goes to the trunk to get the spare.

"No spare? Looks like I'm going to have to tow it back to the station and fix it there." he announces. He backs the tow truck into position and hooks up the car to it. I get in the front with him and we drive back to the repair shop - and there with all his tools at hand, he fixes it quickly. When it came time to pay him, I go back into the car to get my purse and realize I had left it back at the office. I'm so embarrassed. "Neil, I don't know what to say, but I think I left my purse at work and I don't have any cash or credit cards with me. What can I do?" I say with a sheepish voice.







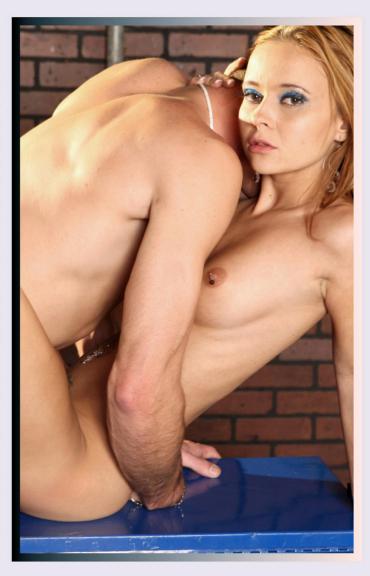








I get out of the car and stand in front of him awaiting his answer. Somehow our physical presence is almost too much bear. "I don't know," he says, "this doesn't happen very often." All the unspoken sexual tension seems about to blow when he walks away to go behind the counter, brushing my chest. Seeing that he's smudged my jacket. "I'm sorry about your jacket." he says apologetically. "I've made your nice top all dirty now." Instinctively, he moves to brush it away, just as I go to do the same thing and end up knocking his hand onto my chest. He looks at me, but made no effort to remove his hand.



Suddenly, I was brave and horny at the same time. Boldly I say, "I'd rub that smudge off if I were you, before it permanently stains my nice jacket." He needed no second invitation and gently flicks his hand across my top. Instantly I felt a little turned on, and both nipples are now trying to poke through my clothes. He notices this, as now he is making no effort to get rid of the mark. Instead he starts giving my boobs a thorough massage. By now I'm really turned on, the thrill and unexpectedness of this whole thing are combining to make me more turned on than I've been in a long time.

"Wait - let's make this a bit easier for you," and I quickly take off my two tops and step out of my skirt. Now I'm standing there in the station with only the rear shop lights on in my heels, bra and

panties, feeling hornier than I can last remember. Neil walks over to me and grasps a boob with one hand and with the other gives my thighs a little stroke, running his fingers up and down my inner leg. Grasping his hands, I tell him to go wash up and I'll be ready for him then. He leaves for the bathroom and to the sound of running water, I completely disrobe and lean against the counter - waiting.

He re-enters and I step out into the surreal shop light. He pauses and looks at me up and down. Taking my hand, he leads me behind the counter, away from the windows. I see his hard young body straining at

his unbuttoned overalls. Invitingly, I put one leg up on a shelf under the counter. Neil takes the invitation hungrily, his hand caressing my mound for a second or two and begins stroking my very wet pussy. First he slips one finger and then two into my wet, silky hole and slides them in and out in a slow but persistent rhythm.

Every few strokes he pushes a little deeper, until in no time he is ramming his fingers into my soaking pussy so hard I can barely stand, all the time his other hand is playing with my boobs and tweaking my hard nipples. Then he rams his fingers all the way in, and turns his hand a little so that his thumb is able to rub and play with your swollen throbbing clit. As his fingers explore my wet pussy, they find my g-spot and soon the combination of Neil rub-

Taking my hand, he leads me behind the counter, away from the windows. I see his hard young body straining at his unbuttoned overalls.







bing both that and my clit at the same time becomes so intense that I can feel an orgasm beginning to build. "Do it harder," I shout. " Make me cum."

He carries on for a little longer, until I feel that an enormous, crashing climax will soon consume me. He obviously senses this, as he feels my body subtly changing as I get close to cumming. He drops down to his knees, pushes my legs even farther apart, and greedily begins to lick and suck at my clit. He is now finger fucking me with two fingers, slowly and surely plunging them in as far as they will go, while at the same time his quick, darting tongue is

licking around my pulsing clit.

This is more than my body can take, and soon I nearly suffocate him as a huge orgasm clamps shut my thighs as it rips through my body. I feel his tongue still licking my love button because this doesn't seem to stop him as wave after wave of my orgasm flows, he is sucking on my engorged clit. After what feels like an eternity I feel my orgasm subsiding, and my legs open once more as Neil comes up for air, glistening with the slime and smell of my pussy juice.

Neil stands up and releases his body from his clothes. His large, hard cock is pointing at me, egging me on to touch and caress it. Which I do. Taking the eight inch piston rod in my hands, I drop



to my knees and wrap my mouth around it, working my tongue up and down the shaft and around the head. It smells of a slight musty manhood that I now find intoxicating. I devour his rod and work his balls furiously as I slurp up and down the of my attenobject tion. I push his cock up against his belly and fill my mouth with one ball, then the next, then both. My tongue works them over inside my mouth as I stroke his cock up and down as he watches me in the subdued light.

Pulling his cock back down, I release his balls and begin to suck him again as I reach up to his chest and squeeze his nipples. I hear a muf-

fled groan as perhaps it's just a bit too hard, but at that very moment I feel him jerk his cock in to my mouth harder and then a hot liquid stream of his jizz floods my mouth. It is so much that I cannot keep it all in and it drips down my cheek and onto my breasts. In one big gulp I swallow it all and stand up to give him a big wet sloppy kiss with a mouth full of cum.

His erection softens after a few minutes. He gets dressed and stuffs it back into his pants. He finds my clothes on the floor and hands them to me. "You don't have to tip me, ma'am." he says. "I believe that more than covers the price." "I do appreciate it." I say. We smile as I take my clothes from him. I use the bathroom to clean up and then jump into my car, only an hour behind on my trip to Carmel.

I push his cock up against his belly and fill my mouth with one ball, then the next, then both. My tongue works them over inside my mouth as I stroke his cock...

































I like men and that's why I married one, but you really caught my eye out there – looking at me. You look like you really like sex or you wouldn't be staring at me right now. And I like a man who likes sex. I'd like you to know that every hole in my body yearns for a man that knows what to do with it and knows what I like. Until then, my beautiful little vibe will have to do. But it won't do for very long. You look like my kind of man. Am I right?









































































































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